

A Quiet Stream.

A quiet stream
flowed through a level meadow—all day long
its notes were heard in murmurous melody,
that half a whisper seemed, and half a song—
yet no one paused to hear its harmony,
or marked the brightness of its sunny gleam.

But where its course
was half arrested by a rugged stone
it swelled and bubbled till with new-born
power
it leaped the barrier, all its weakness gone—
its spray ascending in a silvery shower,
its onward way pursued with added force.

Its beauty then
The artist praised, the poet sang, until
Came many to admire the pretty scene,
Half marveling at the strength of such a rill—
A silver ribbon parting banks of green,
Swift as an arrow, deeper than their ken.

So we in life,
Unconscious of our strength may pass along,
Our silent efforts vain—our labor lost—
Content to rest unnoticed by the throng,
Whose paths in life our duty course
crossed,
Till trouble comes to rouse us into strife.

Then we possess,
Through labor, power—from pain and weariness
We learn the lesson that will make us strong,
Endow us with capacity to bless—
The world will listen to the stirring song,
Born of a soul replete with earnestness!

—Frances Lee Robinson.

DEAR OLD CHOPMAN.

The long drought of 187—was broken, there could be no doubt of it. Dust, and grime, and thirst had vanished from pavement, grass, and foliage. Rain had come at last; not in a whimsical, intermittent way, as pleased the idle fancy of every adventurous gust of wind, but in an old-fashioned equinoctial down-pour, which filled gutters to overflowing, taxed the capacity of sewers, invaded unprotected cellars, revived youthful speculations touching the father of Japhet and the bow of promise, and ground and polished the cobble paving-stones, until they outshone the delf-ware, and fairly rivaled the bright eyes of the thrifty Dutch house-wives, who, in the days of Stuyvesant and Van Twiller, reigned supreme in the red brick, gable-fronted mansions of the lower portion of the island of Manhattan.

So far as the transaction of any business was concerned, the firm of Dappleton & Company, publishers and book-sellers, might as well have closed the doors of their extensive and elegant salesrooms in Broadway. Gargantuan must have been the literally thirst, and impervious the skin of the wight who, in the teeth of such a storm, would seek a bookstore.

And so the five clerks gathered in a little group and discussed the weather, and its probable effect upon the fall races! The porter dried his wet clothing at the huge stove, in which burned the first fire of the season. The gray head of the chief bookkeeper was bent forward upon his ledger, and his subdued though musical snore, blended harmoniously with the smacking of the small errand-boy, who, seated beneath the high desk, was discounting the noon hour, by commencing a lively skirmish with the cakes, cheese, and outposts, which flanked the main body of his dinner, and even the gas jets, lighted by reason of the heavy weather, seeing, by their flickering flames no activity worthy of emulation, burned indolently in the murky atmosphere.

Suddenly the street door turned upon its hinges, and the change which ensued would have done credit to the designer of the transformation scene in a great spectacular play. The porter began mending the fire with all the skill and energy of a born stoker, the small errand-boy bolted entire the currant tart at which he had been economically nibbling, and industriously resumed his occupation of dusting the legs of the tall desk; the gray-haired bookkeeper awoke with a start, and fell to work upon the tail of a final G, over whose delicate curves he had lost consciousness; the gas jets increased their flames a full inch, lost their yellow hue, and seemed entering into active competition with the electric lights in the cafe across the street; four of the clerks began consulting lists and assorting books, as if business was at its flood tide, while the head salesman adjusted his cravat and hurried forward to greet the first customer of the day.

But the first customer, a tall, angular man of apparently sixty years, seemed in no hurry to be greeted. He leaned a faded and dripping umbrella against a bookcase, unreeling several yards of worsted comforter from his elongated neck, removed a rusty silk hat, evidently a reminiscence of by-gone days, straightened his frowsy wig, wiped his steaming spectacles, and turned upon the surprised salesman a pair of piercing black eyes that seemed quite capable of looking through him, and reading upon the back of his collar the name of its manufacturer.

"What's your name?"
As the new-comer spoke, he darted towards the breast of the salesman the long index finger of his right hand, which caused the young man to start as if fearing the concealed point of a dagger.

"My name," answered he, "is Hooker."

"What is your age, and where do you live?"

"I am thirty years of age, and I reside in Harlem," replied the now thoroughly mystified salesman.

"Are you the proprietor of this establishment?"

"No, sir, I am only a clerk. Here comes the senior member of the firm," and Hooker indicated a white-haired old gentleman who was just entering the room from his private office.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the publisher, bowing politely.

"Let me see. What is your name?"

"Dappleton, Chauncey Dappleton, at your service."

The long, bony hand began moving towards the silver spectacles as if con-

templating a military salute, but, pausing on the journey, unfastened three of the twelve small buttons, which secured the tight-fitting, ministerial coat, and disappeared into the mysterious depths beneath.

After several lunges and gyrations, reproduced in miniature by the contortions of his mobile face, the strange gentleman brought to the surface, and thrust into the hand of Mr. Dappleton, a large card, upon which was printed, in heavy type:

"OLIVER DILLHORN, D.D., LL.D.,
Pres. Union College,
Unionville, Tenn."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Dr. Dillhorn," began Mr. Dappleton, extending his hand, "I think that several years ago—"

"The faculty and board of trustees," interrupted the doctor, in a deep, sepulchral voice, "have ever had in view the greatest possible good for the greatest possible number; and actuated by this noble sentiment, coupled with the growing needs of the country which surrounds us, and especially stimulated thereto by an endowment fund of twenty thousand dollars, by a late friend of the college, bequeathed for the express purpose, have, after careful, and I may add, prayerful consideration, decided to enlarge our field of usefulness, by adding to the existing departments of the college, *videlicet* the classical, the scientific, the pharmaceutical, the commercial, and the post graduate, a school of divinity and theology."

"It gives me great pleasure to learn it, doctor. In these days of materialism and infidelity—"

"The board of trustees supplemented by the faculty," resumed the reverend gentleman, with a preliminary cough, to silence the bookseller, "with a unanimity which I considered highly flattering, have nominated and appointed me, the president of the institution, as a committee of one, to visit New York, and select and purchase for the new department, a theological library, and a supply of text books; the establishment of the curriculum being left entirely with me. Knowing your house by favorable reputation, I have called to examine books and make selections."

"I am pleased beyond expression," replied the publisher, bowing. "When will you commence your work, doctor?"

"At once, if convenient. It will occupy several days, and the trustees and faculty will be anxious."

Half an hour later Dr. Dillhorn was seated in the private office, surrounded by racks and chairs filled with books, deep in a comparison of the merits of Paley and Alexander, Edwards and Dwight.

For over a week he labored industriously, selecting, rejecting, and making notes of doubtful cases, in a crabbed hand, for future reference.

"My labors are almost at an end," said he to Mr. Dappleton on the morning of the eighth day, "and but for one difficulty I could complete my order today."

"A difficulty! I'm sorry to hear of it. Can I assist you in any way?"

"That's the point. I trust you can. A correct knowledge of Hebrew lies at the root of a theological education, and a good grammar is the foundation of a knowledge of Hebrew. There is my difficulty; a good Hebrew grammar I cannot find."

"We have several."

"True, but they are all defective. I'd give six prices for the one I used in my student days. Dear old Chopman, no such Hebrew scholar lives to-day."

"I'm not familiar with the work, but you shall have it if it's obtainable in New York. Here, Hooker, make a round of the bookstores, and see if you can find Chopman's Hebrew grammar."

Two hours later the young man returned. He had not been successful. All agreed that it must be out of print. In fact no one remembered to have ever seen it.

"I'm greatly disappointed," said the doctor, shaking his head sorrowfully, "but I suppose I must adopt one of the new-fangled, inferior works. I regret it all the more, because only this morning I received a letter from an old friend, a professor of Hebrew, asking me, if possible, to secure a supply of Chopman for his college."

"Hooker," said Mr. Dappleton, "did you call at Haverty's?"

"No, sir, I did not. I thought it hardly best in view of the trouble we had with him last month."

"Oh, that amounts to nothing. He is only a little jealous. Run over to his store; he may have what we want. And Hooker," said the old gentleman, recalling the clerk, and speaking to him aside, "if it comes right, give him a pointer about our eccentric new southern customer, and the large order he is giving. It will make Haverty sleep well."

"I've found them at last," cried Hooker, as after a few minutes' absence he burst into the office. "Haverty has three hundred of them, and I've brought a copy for your inspection."

"Dear old Chopman," cried Dillhorn, after a critical examination of the book.

"How it carries me back to my boyhood. I'm so glad you have found it. I must wire the faculty and trustees of my success."

"What does Haverty ask for them?" inquired the bookseller.

"That's the trouble, sir," replied the clerk. "He says he can't sell them for a cent less than three dollars per copy."

"Three dollars! and for a book like that. He must be crazy," cried the publisher.

"I feared the price would be high, for, you see, I know their value. It is too much; but my heart is set on dear old Chopman, and I'll take them all, and indeed, with two colleges to supply, they'll not last long."

"Oh, I forgot to mention it," said the

salesman, "but Haverty has the plates from which the books were printed, which he will sell for five hundred dollars."

"How I would love to have them," said the doctor, excitedly, "but my commission is to purchase books only, and I have no authority to buy them."

"Make your mind easy on that score, my dear doctor. We will purchase the plates, and print as many editions as you desire."

"Thank you, Mr. Dappleton," cried the reverend gentleman, extending his hand. "You are more than kind, and I trust and believe that the investment will prove a profitable one for your house."

"Go over to Haverty's," said the old gentleman to his clerk, "and tell him we will take the books and plates. Wait, let me make him a check for the fourteen hundred dollars. I don't care to be under obligations to him."

"And now Mr. Dappleton," said the doctor, as the young man left the office, "my work is completed. You have treated me kindly and given me excellent prices, and I thank you, not in my own name alone, but in the names of the trustees and faculty—yes and in the names of all who know and appreciate the value of a higher religious education. When will the books be packed for shipment and my bill prepared?"

"Early tomorrow morning."

"Very well, I will call at 10 o'clock," and the reverend gentleman wound himself up in his comforter, settled his wig, wiped his spectacles, put on his hat, shook hands with the publisher, and left the place.

On the following morning at 10 o'clock, eighteen large boxes of books, each bearing the name and address of Dr. Dillhorn, stood in the packing-room of the establishment, and a formidable itemized bill, with a total footing of more than nine thousand dollars, lay upon the cashier's desk; but the reverend doctor himself did not appear.

"Hooker," said the publisher to his clerk, as the day drew near its close. "I'm worried about this Dillhorn matter. Stop over and ask Haverty where he bought those books and plates."

"Certainly, Mr. Hooker, your house is welcome to any information in my possession," said good-natured Mr. Haverty, when asked the history of the plates and books. "About ten days ago a gentleman called, and asked me to purchase a lot of Hebrew grammars, and the plates for producing them. I told him they were of no possible value, except as old metal and waste paper. He seemed greatly disappointed and asked me to store them for a short time, and try to find a purchaser on a commission of ten per cent. He named a price which confirmed my previous belief that he was a crank, and so, to humor him, I told him he might leave them with me. Of course I had no idea of selling them, as I had not yet heard of your new southern customer, and his extensive order."

"And you have not seen him since?" asked Hooker, wincing.

"Oh, yes, he called shortly after you left yesterday, and collected the amount of your check, less my commission."

"And you know nothing further concerning him?"

"Nothing, except that a gentleman who saw him leaving here yesterday, told me that he was a noted sharper, wanted by the police for swindling several unsophisticated people."

"I'm very much obliged, sir. Good evening," said the young man, rising.

"Wait a moment, Hooker. As he was leaving yesterday, he handed me this card. Please give it to my friend Dappleton, with my compliments," and Mr. Haverty took from his desk and handed his visitor a large card, upon which was printed, in heavy type:

"OLIVER DILLHORN, D.D., LL.D.,
Pres. Union College,
Unionville, Tenn."

Mechanically the young man turned the card in his hand, and on its back, in the peculiar crabbed hand of the southern customer, saw the heavily underscored words: "Dear old Chopman."—*Dwight Baldwin, in the Current.*

Superstitions of Sneezing.

Most people sneeze in the course of their lifetime, and even in this country there are many communities among whom bystanders, upon such an occasion, will exclaim, "God bless you!" This is designed to avert the evil omen. The superstition was brought here from England and from most of the northern nations of Europe.

Many of our readers will recall what Longfellow wrote of the custom in Sweden, "You sneeze, and the peasants cry, 'God bless you!'"

A writer at the beginning of the century, remarking upon the customs of Italy, says that when you sneeze, "even in the theaters, men rise and wish you 'Felicità!'" The purport of this is the same as the hearty Swedish and English "God bless you!"

The origin of this custom in the different countries of Europe was the same, just as its meaning is the same. It has been traced to those venerations of fearful pestilence known as the Black Death. One will read of it in England in the time of Edward III. In 1350 this plague swept over Sweden and Denmark. Its ravages in those countries were so great that the disease gained the name of the tiger death.

The earliest symptoms of an attack by so dread a pest was a sneeze. Thereupon the pitying bystanders, with sorrowing glance, would turn to the newly marked victim and exclaim, "May God be with you!"

A Rapid City, D. T., man has married his mother-in-law.

Self-Made Chinamen.

In the matter of education the Chinese are very differently off from what Europeans are led to infer, says a writer in the London Post. It is a rare thing to find a Chinaman who cannot read and write his own language. Out of more than a hundred that I have employed at different times I have only found two who could not sign their names. This is a very extraordinary thing at first sight, but when one has visited China the fact is easily explained and understood. The truth is that by education it is open for any lad, unless he be the son of an actor or a criminal—both stand in the same light and rank in China—to rise from the lowliest degree to the estate of a mandarin. Take, for instance, the examinations which are periodically held in the great university of Canton. Here is a huge building, or rather congeries of buildings, comprised in a vast oblong space walled in. At one end of the space is the examining hall; the rest of the space is covered over with a multitude of little cells—about 6,000 in number, I believe—which are allotted to the students whenever they have received their papers for examination. Exit from the place is impossible; when the student has got his papers he must remain in the cell and finish the answers. At length the time comes to hand the answers in to the examiners, and this being over, the students go home to await the result. Till such a time as this is announced all are in a state of the greatest possible excitement. It is known that the examination is absolutely fair.

It so chanced when I was at Canton that the result of an examination not long before held was daily expected. One morning the comprador, or Chinese buyer for an English firm of merchants with whom I was acquainted, rushed into the front office of the firm, and in almost an ecstasy of excitement threw himself on the floor. For a moment he was speechless, and then being assisted to rise he gasped out that his son had that morning been declared head of the list, and was going to be sent up as one of the first three students to Peking, there to receive a mandarin's button and a high official appointment. The poor father was so overwhelmed with the honor which his son had thus gained that it was with difficulty he could be calmed, and, indeed, he continued in this state of semi-frenzy all through that day. The honor, indeed, was a great one, but it was one to which any Chinese lad, no matter of what degree—except he belonged, as I have said, to the playing or convicted classes—might aspire, and to this fact I attribute the very general education which prevails all over China.

Felling a Redwood.

"Now she takes it! Keep clear!" shouted Jim Lane, a muscular Sonoma "bull-whacker," in warning to the group of woodchoppers in the redwood forest at the northern end of the San Francisco and Northern Pacific railroad, as the death-rattle of a California giant was heard. After hours of undercutting and cross-sawing they had cut through all but one and a half inches of the monstrous trunk, fifteen feet in diameter, and the cracking of the wood announced that the monarch was about to fall. Its lofty top, 275 feet above the ground, wavered a moment, and bowed gracefully and with a stately air, like a grand lady courtesying; then, gathering impetus as it left the perpendicular, the great trunk rushed to the earth with terrific force. Keeping to the course marked out for it by the woodsman, it tore the foliage from the protruding limbs, filled the air with flying branches and bits of bark, swept away every article in its path, and descending with tremendous force, struck the ground with a thud to be heard a mile. Clouds of dust shot up sixty feet; the earth shook and rumbled. The prostrate giant trembled once from top to stump, and all was over. It was a death-scene of awful grandeur and solemnity. Even the lumbermen, accustomed to the sight daily, dropped their sledges, double-bitted axes, mauls, goads, and water-buckets, and gazed in silence at the overthrow of the many-centuried monarch. The cutting of the redwoods is the mammoth lumbering of the world. California has no competitor in big trees. They belong to the genuine *Sequoia*—a name derived from Sequoyah, a Cherokee, who invented an alphabet and written language for his Indian tribe, and are of two species. They are found in the tract west of the Sierra Nevada mountains, between the 34th and 42d degrees of latitude, ranging in height from two hundred to four hundred feet, and in diameter from eight to twenty-five feet. The famous big trees of Calaveras and Mariposa belong to the *Sequoia gigantea*, while those along the coast north of San Francisco are *Sequoia sempervirens*, or redwood.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Colonel and Major.

Chase and Wiggin, both of them famous stutters, belonged to the militia in the old days when everybody in New Hampshire was in the militia and the organization was mainly fictitious. Chase and Wiggin happened to be ranking captains in one of these paper regiments at a time when the colonel of the regiment died and the major moved out of the state. In due course of official red tape Wiggin received his commission as colonel of the regiment and Chase as major. Both men were considerably "set up" by their new titles, and naturally felt like

apprising the whole village of the promotion; but they were dignified men, and of course didn't care to go around telling everybody, so Chase started out and went from one store to another, poking his head just far enough into each door to say:

"H-h-h-hey you seen C-c-c-colonel J-j-j-jack Wiggin?"

Nobody had seen him, but everybody caught the new title. And promptly Wiggin started on a similar pilgrimage through the town. Thrusting his head into the first grocery store he came to he stammered out:

"H-h-h-a-a-a-ave you seen M-m-m-major Jim Ch-ch-ch-a-a-a-ase?"

Of course they had seen Maj. Jim Chase, and so informed him, and by the time he overtook the major at the end of the village and congratulated him warmly, the appointment had been, so to speak, officially gasseted through the town of Exeter.—*Boston Record.*

Mrs. Cushman C. Davis.

The wife of Cushman C. Davis (who succeeded Mr. McMillan in the United States senate) is regarded as the most beautiful woman in the northwest. She has a tall, Juno-like figure, hazel eyes, a delicately molded oval face, and a soft, rosy, porcelain-like complexion that is the despair of all her sex who know her. She is exceedingly fond of horseback riding, and is a fine driver. Her motto for health is: "No day without the lines." She, therefore, may be seen every afternoon, rain or shine, driving her spirited carriage animal along some country road about St. Paul, or at the close of the day waiting at the foot of the stairway leading to Gov. Davis' law office to drive him home. Mrs. Davis is an accomplished musician, and a conversationalist of great tact. She is exceedingly popular among her husband's gentleman friends. At home she is practical in all domestic arrangements, and there are few firesides in the bleak northwest where more comfort or a brighter flow of wit and humor may be enjoyed than at Gov. Davis'. The Davises have no children. Gov. Davis has what he calls his "den" in the third story of his large mansion on St. Antony hill, where he indulges his admiration for Lord Coke's maxim of "living like a hermit and working like a horse" by abjuring a carpet and allowing himself nothing besides his books, a pipe, and a table. Here he burns the midnight gas and works out his legal arguments or delves in scholarly researches. He is a devoted Shakespearean, and Ignatius Donnelly and he have spent many a delightful night together swapping "versions." Davis is poor, as the word may be used nowadays when United States senators are mentioned. In 1881, when he withdrew from the firm of Davis, O'Brien & Wilson, he was \$20,000 in debt. Since then he has earned in his legal practice something like \$20,000 a year, and he says he has paid his debts and secured a good home and lot and a few small investments toward a rainy day.

He Was a Good Listener.

The Kentuckians tell a good story of ex-Gov. Magoffin of that State, who is a good talker and likes to do most of the talking himself. One day, in making the journey from Cincinnati to Lexington he shared his seat in the car with a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced gentleman. The Governor, after a few commonplace remarks, to which his companion smiled and nodded assent, branched into a description of the scenes that he witnessed in different parts of the country, grew eloquent over the War, described with glowing speech the horse-races he had witnessed, talked learnedly of breeding, and told thrilling stories of his battles with the Indians in the Northwest. The hours slipped rapidly away, and when the train was nearing Lexington the two exchanged cards and parted with a cordial shake of the hands. The Governor drove to an inn, and to a number of friends he remarked that the time had never seemed so short before.

"Then you must have had pleasant company aboard."

"You are right. I met a gentleman of unusual intelligence. We conversed all the way over. I never was brought in contact with a more agreeable man."

"Indeed! Who was he?" asked his friend.

"Wait a minute; I have his card," and the Governor felt in his pocket, and produced a bit of pasteboard. "His name is King."

"Not Bob King?" shouted a dozen in one breath.

"Yes, gentlemen; Robert King—that is the way the card reads," was the proud reply.

A roar of laughter followed.

"Why, Governor, Bob King is as deaf as a post. He was born deaf and dumb!"—*Boston Budget.*

The Least Painful Death.

Death by aconite is the least painful of any. The feeling is something like being frozen to death. A kind of numbness begins in the extremities and gradually spreads over the entire system. There is no pain whatever except, possibly, a slight burning sensation in the breast. The fatal sensation is, in fact, extremely pleasant. Death from freezing is said to be delightful. It is the same with aconite. A pleasant tingling is felt through the limbs, while entrancing dream fancies run through the brain.—*Cincinnati Physician.*